## SOME NEW BOOKS

## Frederick Locker's Reminiscences,

No man of letters in the Victorian era has had a more thorough knowledge of English soclety than FREDERICK LOCKER, the author of "London Lyrica," the best vers de société written in English next to those of Praed and Thackeray. It seems that during the last fifteen years of his life-he died last year-he jotted down some of his recollections, including short biographical sketches of certain eminent men. and these although estensibly intended only for his descendants, are now published in large octave volume of over 420 pages under the title of My Confidences (Scribners). Tota book is exceptionally free from padding; we will not say that not a single paragraph could be skipped, for some of the stories have been told before, but even these were worth re telling. Taken as a whole, this volume is the most attractive example of reminiscent literature that has been offered us for many a day, Not only are the recollections worth reading for themselves, but they give a most pleasing impression of the author. Before reproducing some of the references to distinguished or interesting persons, we shall outline very briefly the author's uneventful life.

The author's great-great-grandfather, Stepher Locker, and the latter's son, John Locker, were barristers. John Locker's son, William Locker, secame a Captain in the Royal Navy and a Lieutenant-Governor of Greenwich Hospital. His youngest son was Edward Hawke Locker. the father of the author of this book. Edward Looker left Eton to become a clerk in the Navy Office; thence he was promoted to be Under Secretary to the Board of Control for the affairs of India, and afterward to the Board of Naval Inquiry. In 1804 he was appointed Civil Secretary to the Fleet in the East Indies, and the same capacity to the Mediterranean. In 1813 he was the bearer of Important despatches to Wellington Spain, and a year later he was sent on a mission to Elba, where Napoleon had just arrived. In 1819 Edward Locker was appointed Secretary, and not very long afterward Civil Commissioner of Greenwich Hos-In 1849 he died. We should mention that in 1815 he had married a daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, who, it is worth while to add, had spent several years of his early manhood in America, and had there formed a close friendship with General, then Colonel, George Washington. When the troubles began, however, which ended in the independence of the colonies, Washington and Boucher took oppo site sides, and their friendship was suspended. It seems that the author of these recollections had in his possession several of Washington's letters to Mr. Boucher, which he lent to Thackeray when the latter was writing "Esmand."

Frederick Locker was born in Greenwich Hospital in 1821. He was not sent to a British public school or a university. So far as his education was derived from tuition, it was ac quired at private schools, and was over at th age of sixteen, when his friends obtained for him the place of junior clerk in a colonial broker's counting house in Mincing lane. He only stayed here a year, however, and in 1841 after a tour on the Continent, he secured a temporary clerkship in Somerset House, whence he was presently transferred to the Admiralty at Whitehall. In course of time he was promoted by seniority to the second class among the clerks, and was appointed to the Pension branch. Soon after this his health gave way. and he retired. He did not consider that his career in the civil service was a success. In 1850 he married Lady Charlotte Bruce, a daughter of Lord Elgin, and lived most han pily with her until her death in April, 1872. It July, 1874, he married the only daughter of Sir

Curtis and Lady Lampson, who survives him. 11. The author's reminiscences begin with his father's account of an interview in May, 1814 with Napoleon at Fiba. From a somewhat extended narrative we extract a paragraph descriptive of the impression made by the ex-Emperor poon his English visitor: "The address appearance of Buonaparte were certainly attractive, more especially when we con sider the circumstances under which we saw bim. He was dressed in a plain uniform of green, faced with red, waistcoat and breeches also green, with Hessian boots and spurs. A silver cross of the Legion of Honor hung at his breast, with another small order which I could not make out. He is short and somewhat fat; his height, as he stood facing me, apparently not more than five feet five or six inches. His bair is black and cut quite short he is rather bald and wears no whiskers. His complexion is a clear brown, without any color in the cheeks; but, though sailow, his appearand moves with quickness. His features are well formed, and I should call the head alto gether handsome, if it were not too large for his pect has more the air of bonhommic than I expected. There was a tranquil serenity in his look, which exhibited no traces of the anxiety he must have lately suffered. His smile is very pleasing and his voice not disagreeable, excepting his laugh, which to singularly discordant, almost a neigh, i s face must have been more handsome before he acquired his present embonpoint; and this also deducts a good deal from the gracefulness of his figure, to which, whatever elegance it might have once possessed, it now has no pretensions. It has more the an pearance of feminine softness than of muscular activity. His person in general appeared per feetly cleanly, his hand white and delicate, and his limbs have that roundness of form which does not become a man, and especially a soldier." Edward Locker further notes that Napoleon spoke of the extreme difficulty he experienced in speaking the English language, say ing that, though he had at length acquired the power of reading it readily, he could never overcome the harsh pronouncia-

tion. "I asked him if he understood it when

spoken. He said 'Only sometimes,' and bade

me speak a few sentences deliberately, saying,

as I went on, 'Ah! That I comprehend well

enough.' And immediately gave the interpre

tation in French; but he added, 'When you

speak to each other I am soon bewildered; you

words are all confusion and discord to my ear;

and shook his head, saying, 'Ma foi, c'est um langue barbare.'" Mr. Locker adds that "like

all other men of eminent ability his manner

was plain and unaffected." He strove to

but the effort was not always successful:

thoughtfulness, during which he occasion

which I have heretofore described. In such

moments of forgetfulness, his countenance

showed that his mind was busily engaged else

where in matters of far deeper interest."

There was considerable shrewdness in the re-

flection made at the time that "nothing but a

latent though sanguine hope of restoration

could account for his extraordinary equanim-

ity," and also in the following sentence with

which the contemporary narrative concludes:

"To a man of Napoleon's temper and disposi-

tion, I can scarcely conceive any exertion more

irksome than this playing the agreeable to per

"Ha relapsed now and then into fits

his English visitors at their case,

lost that singular command of feature

Mr. Locker adds that "like

sons like ourselves, whom, in his heart, he must have regarded with profound contempt and dis-like; and I apprehend that a British officer, of all others, must have been the object of his implacable aversion."

We pass to the author's personal recollections and begin with a reference to the poet Campbell, about whom he heard a good deal from a fellow clerk named Hogan at the Admiralty This clerk had known Thomas Campbell. They had often met at a dining club in Regent street. He told I cker that Tom had a weak head and netimes take too much wine; that, on opazzasion, after dinner, Campbell rose from his chair and staggered toward the door; there were some providential pillars that supported the roof of the dining room, and having reached one of these with difficulty, he clung to it desperately, fearing to go further and afraid to return-so he remained there,

"And," said Locker, who worshipped Campbell with all a young writer's enthusiasm, "what did you do?" "Ob," said Hogan, "we left him where he was. But every now and again, you know, we would flick a welnut at him." Hogan also told Locker that Campbell was a fastidious writer, and once took a sixmile walk to his printer to see a comma changed

into a semicolon On page 157 we read that the author first made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Browning in London, though he afterward met them in Paris. Browning used to come to the Rue de Lille to read Keats's poetry to Lady Elgin. "The good fellow never read his own. I knew but little of his wife; she died comparatively early. I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as exceedingly pleasing and very sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar: curls like the pendent ears of a water spaniel, and poor little hands, so thin that when she welcomed you she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and you forgot any physical shortcomings they were entirely lost eight of in what I may call her incomparable sweetness. I might alonist say affectionateness; just as, while we are reading it, we lose sight of the incompleteness of her poetry-its lack of artistic control. She vanquishes by her genius and her charm. In reply to, I dare say, a not over-pertinent question of mine, she told me she preferred Hood's poetry to Gray's - but then, I do not care very much for Gray."

Elsewhere (pages 181-2) the author recurs to Browning, and says that he greatly appreciates a few pages of him at a time: "He has intellectual momentum and a subtle and spiritual energy; he is hopeful and makes others hope, But Browning crushes me." Mr. Locker goes on to explain that, as Shelley has too extravagant an imagination and dwells in too rarefied an atmosphere, so Browning, perhaps, as a writer, makes an excessive demand on the in tellectual vigor of his reader: "I hope this is the case, as, if so, the fault is mine, not Browning's. Poor poet! His hearth is desolate. So, in age, he still pursues that old, old coon, so ciety."

The author made the acquaintance of Walter Savage Landor in Florence, where the aged poet was well known for the eccentricity of his opin ions and the turbulence of his behavior. We are told that his little villa was poor and bare. but there was enough for the exigencies of contentment and of obscurity; and the situation was beautiful looking down over a breadth of live, wine, and ilex wood on Brunelleschi's dome and Arnolfo's Tower, and here and there a stretch of the gleaming Arno. Locker paid Landor only one visit, but that lasted for four hours. He "found him reading a Waverley novel, and congratulated him on having so pleasant a companion in his retirement. 'Yes, said he, with a winning dignity, and there is another novelist whom I equally admire, my old friend, G. P. R. James, In the course of conversation, he placed Southey on a level with Wordsworth! He was interesting about Addison: he said that an engaging simplicity shone through all that Addison wrote; that there was coyness in his style, the archness and shyness f a graceful and beautiful girl. This struck me as delightful criticism, and I felt glad that had come to see Landor. Landor's face put me in mind of the portraits of Hogarth. He had a diabolical laugh-prolonged mockery, with ap parently no heart or happiness in it and when thought he had done, he went on and on; perhaps his extreme age was of its prolongation, but of its timbre. He gave me an apercu of his views on art, politics, and literature. I suppose he was a very wrong-headed man, and that his fierce individuality (Welsh choler) made his acquaintance as uncomfortable as his friend-hip was perilous. A paradoxical old Jacobin, it seemed to me that there was nothing really genial about the man Landor. Affred Tennyson tells me he used to meet him at Mr. John Forster's chambers in Lincoln's Int Fields; that, one day, while Landor was reciting some poetry, a member of the company stumbled down stairs and broke his leg, and that Landor, the while, went on spouting without showing any special concern."

IV.

The author of these reminiscences never had speech with Disraeli, though he once received a letter and a message from him. The opinion is expressed that Disraelt's novels "possess originality, rare and peculiar, but, as novels, they are not of a very high order, and in spite of their exquisite qualities, and a wit and an irony-I say it advisedly-worthy of Voltaire, I question their having a prolonged vitality. His philosophy of life was of the shallowest, and it is curious that a man who seemed to believe in nothing particular should have been plously believed in by his spouse and party." Mr. Locker recalls that, when was about eighteen (1839), "my siste Ellen and I paid a flying visit to Boulogne, travelling by, I think, the 'Harlequin' or 'Magnet' steamer, which started from below London Bridge, and did the voyage in some ten hours. I seem to remember that there were no aft pas sengers excepting ourselves and a lady and gentleman. He struck me as rather old and very odd, and she as much older and rather common looking. He was dressed and adorned in the fashion of the Bond street of that day-a tall hat a queerly cut cost, and trousers that fitted over his boots like gaiters. His dress was highly peculiar, his air and manners more so. He riveted my attention; I could not keep my eyes off him. He did not talk much but stool and sat in a highly uncomfortable, shrug-shouldered, shivery, and exhausted manner. Years after this-I forget where—the man Disraell was pointed out to me, and I instantly recognized my fellow passenger in the steamer. Disraeli was married in 1839, and that was the year I met this pair. Were they Mr. and Mrs. Disraelt starting on their honeymoon ?"

It was scarcely to be expected that Dante Gabriel Rossetti would powerfully commend himself to a man so essentially modern as the writer of "London Lyrics." Nevertheless, the latter speaks of him on pages 167-8, with respect, but without enthusiasm: "I have been at Rossetti's house at Cheyne Walk, and he has been to me in Victoria street. I liked him on both occasions, but, from what I hear, he could hardly be a comfortable man to abide with. He collected Oriental china and bric-A-brac, and had a congregation of queer creatures-a raven and marmots or wombats, &c .- all in the garden behind his house. I believe he once kept a gorilla. He was much self-absorbed. I never quite appreciated his pictures. 'Sister Helen' is his only poem that impresses me, and it is not far from being repulsive. However, I suppose he draws inspiration from a world of his own his pictures and his pooms help each other. ifke his poems least; but then I soldom see his pictures. I have a regard for his brother and his elster. From what I say here it must not be supposed that I have not a high opinion, either as poet or painter, of this distinguished man; for he not only raised the quality of painting and changed its direction, but remarkable painters were content to learn from him. He brought us a new message in his poetry; but, with all his ornate ability and technical skill, for me it has little charm, and what is poetry-or painting either-without charm? I think he might have remembered Sidney's 'Look into thy heart and write !' His 'I gradge Wordsworth every vote

One turns these pages with curlosity to see what the author has to say about his own tyrs de société. He speaks of them in a delightful way. It would be difficult to combine manly frankness with molesty in more felicitous proportions. "I recall," he says, "my first fine, careless rapture when that kind fellow Thackeray, as editor of the Cornhill Magazine, sent me a proof of my verses 'On a Human Skull.' His daughters brought it to me. The flood of author's ecstasy has never since risen in me to the high-water mark of that moment. I also remember the first time I saw 'London Lyrica', open at the title page, in a conspicuous part of the window of a Piccadilly bookseller; but in that case it was a mixed feeling-the display was so painfully personal. My rhymemaking has come to a not untimely end. I

should be duil not to discern and ungrateful

he gets' is significant."

not to acknowledge that, in spite of the specific levity and lowly as is the aim, it has made its little mark. I do not know whether this mark still remains but I do know that I have been fellow, and that some a lucky friends have been so injudicious as to overpraise it, and to urge me to go on writing They forget that inferior work is a damaging commentary on that which is better, and they are not able to appreciate the old adage of 'Lot well alone;' even authors themselves do not always perceive when their public has had enough of them. When I began writing I could not go into print; afterward, when the periodicals were more open to me, I had smaller desire to make use of them. I once admired my little volume, and was inclined to be garrulous about it. I am beginning to dislike the sight of a good deal of it. Such is the frony of destiny, and such are the revenges of time; so ought I to

complain of the indifference of other people?" Perhaps it was Thackeray who helped the author of "London Lyrica" to a nice measure ment of the merits which vers de société may claim. Something having been said by Mr Locker about Thackeray's own poetry, "Yes," he replied, "yes, I have a stapenny talent (or gift), and so have you; ours is small beer, but, you see, it is the right tap," Of Praed, probably the post successful of English society's laurentes Mr. Locker tells us that he once tried to write like him, and used often to talk about him to men that had known him well. He goes on to say that, "If Praed had been more of a colorist he would have been a Wattgau of the pen. am not going to compan him with Prior or Swift, or Cowper, or Thackeray, fo their supreme merits are not his; he is one of the brotherhood. I ect in him that fronic humor very tersely and idiomatically expressed, which lies at the roo of all their lighter work-which is rare, and which I verily believe disconcerts some two thirds of their readers. Praed is quite on level with these the very best of his school ndeed, he has a unique position, for in his narrower vein of whimsical wit, vernacular banter and antithetical rhetoric, which may correctly be called rers de société in its most perfected form and its exactest sense, he has never been equalled. In spite of what Carlyle or Swinburne may say, let us be grateful to Praed and to Calverley, as we are to Watteau. They were perfect artists within their respective Mr. Locker adds that it is limita. luckier to do a little thing surpassingwell than a larger thing indifferently so; and, by way of illustration, recalls a meritorious tracic actor who made a large income by his profession, and who could also dance his fingers on a table to remind one of Taglioni. "Where is that tragedian now? He s forgotten. But not so his imitation; at least not by any one who had once seen a perform ance so consummate. We all know that Taglioni was at the very head of her profession; and yet, while poor Roscius was imitating her with his two fingers, we were almost deceived into thinking we were admiring the ballering herself."

VI.

The light touch which is so captivating in London Lyrics," characterizes also the au thor's expression of likes and dislikes in a chapter entitled "Poetry: a Confession," which we have already made some extracts. To the author's thinking there is "surpassing melody and an unapproachable distinction in 'Lycidas: ' perhaps it is the finest poem in the anguage, but there is a something in parts of it that, to my ignorance, sounds like pedantry, and I could well have spared the censoriou Pilot of the Gnidean Lake. I admire Dry den's genial power, his sonorous and splendid diction, his manliness, and what Johnson called his 'unexpectedness.' He is a glorious fellow How delightful are his translations from Chaucer and Boccaccio! But in 'Alexander' Feast ' he makes Alexander a great fool.' Proceeding with his confession, Mr. Locker says Heaven pardon me! I do not care much for Spencer. I admire not a little of Grey and a good deal of Pope. The felicity of Pope's language and the energy seem to be the outcomof a vivid imagination. . . It is Words worth's meditative rapture, spiritual passion sane imagination, and serenity, his power of bringing the infinite into every-day life that enthrall me. But, for myself, all Wordsworth's best could be collected into a thin volume. It almost puts one out of concelt with the saving gift of humor that Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, who do not appear to have had a spark of it, should have written such magnificent Alfred Tennyson has an exquisite grace, glorified by subtle harmonies. He is far more versatile than Wordsworth. He has a more varied diction. He can give poetlo expression to playful as well as to philosophic thought: he also has an eye for nature, and I admire what Petronius might have called his splendidly equipped. My selections from Alfred would make a much thicker volume than Wordsworth's, but would it be more precious?" The personality of Byron, apart from his persuasive rhetoric, inspired Locker with anything but regard. His feeling for the author of "Childe Harold" is thus explained: "The region in which he usually moves is allen to my sympathy. I rank Byron with the very greatest, but he does not reach the cloistered sanctuaries of my heart. grudge him the position I am constrained to give him." Mr. Locker had learned a good deal about Byron from Lady William Russell, who had known him well. She said, "We were all fascinated by him-his conversation and his bearing. He was not natural, but I was struck with his remarkable shrewdness. I often met him in London and also at Cheltenham, where he had gone for his health. This must hav been about 1809. I was a girl at the time-l was much interested in him-all the wome adored him-I adored him, and partly on that account and partly because his manners were affected, the men hated him. He had a magnificent head, a melodious voice, and a very curious and dangerous underlook with his beautiful eyes; but his shoulders sloped, and altogether he had a mean figure rather below the middle height. As he entered the room his feet made a clump, clump on the floor as if he wore very heavy shoes; they looked like peasanta shoes. He wore loose nan-keen trousers, while everybody else was attired in knee breeches-tights. These nankeens were strapped over his feet; his cost was peculiar in

cut, and, while it was universally the fashion to wear a high cravat, he walked about with his throat bare. He always seized the first opportunity of sitting down." We have spoken of Thackeray; our authoknew him well, and a dozen pages are allotted to him. "I had," he tells us, "a sincere regard for Thackeray. I well remember his striking personality-striking to those who had the ability to recognize it-the look of the man, the latent power, and the occasional keepness of his remarks on men and their actions, as if he saw through and through them. Thackeray drew many unto him, for he had engaging as well as fine qualities. He was open-handed and kind-hearted. He had not an overweening opinion of his literary consequence, and he was generous as regarded the people whom the world chose to call his rivals." Nevertheless, he was extremely sensitive, as is evident from a reminiscence of him given in this "I happened," the author says, "to volume. meet him as I was leaving the Travellers' Club. Even now I think I could point out the particular flagstone on which the dear fellow was standing, as he gazed down on me through his spectacles with that dreamy expression of his which his friends knew so well. He said: 'What do you think of the last number?' (Number 2 or 'The Newcomes'). He himself was evidently not quite satisfied with it. 'I like it immeasely, was my cordial rejoinder. A word or two more passed respecting the illustrations. which had been sharply crittelsed, and just as we parted I was tactless idiot enough to add, But, my dear fellow, perhaps there may be some kind people who will say that you did the cuts and Doyle the letter press.' On this Thackeray's jaw dropped, and he exclaimed bitterly, 'Oh! really, that's your opinion, is it?' I saw at once what a mistake I had made; but I could only reply, 'I spoke in fun, pure fun; you know perfectly well

how much I admire your writings and also

Doyle's cuts.' But Thackeray would have none of it, and turned wrathfully away in the direction of Pimilco. However, his wrath, I presume, died away in the large and charitable a of Green Park, for, when I met him the day after, he was as amiable as ever. The fact is, had so exalted an opinion of Thackeray and his writings that it seemed impossible that such demigod should care for aught anybody said whereas, like Tennyson, he felt everything that verybody said." Mr. Locker testifies that Thackeray was a good man, that he had a strong ense of religion, that he recognized that the human soul required such a sanctuary, and would starve without it.

VII.

Of George Ellot and George Henry Lewes on uthor saw a good deal, and he gives us a vivid idea of both of them. He says that "Nature and disguised George Ellot's apparently stoical yet really vehement and sensitive spirit, and her scaring genius in a homely and insignificant form. Her countenance was equine-she was rather like a horse, and her head had been intended for a much longer body she was not a tall woman. She were her hair in no pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding herears; and her garments concealed her outlinethey gave her a waist like a milestone You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton. To my mind George Ellot was a plain woman. She had a measured way of conversing, restrained, but impressive. When I happened to call, she was nearly always seated in the chimney corner on alow chair, and she bent forward when she spoke. As she often discussed abstract subjects, she might have been thought pedantic, especially as her language was sprinkled with a scientific terminology; but I do not think she was a bit of a pedant. Then, though she had a very gentle voice and manner, there was, every now and then, just a suspicion of meek satire in her talk. Her sentences unwound themselves very neatly and completely, leaving the impression of tion and present readiness; she spoke exceedingly well, but not with all the simplicity and perve, the happy abundon of certain practised omen of the world; however, it was in a way that was far more interesting. I have been told she was most agreeable en titte-d-tite; that when surrounded by admirers, she was apt to become oratorical-a different woman. She did not strike me as witty or markedly humorous; she was too much in earnest; she spoke as if with a sense of responsibility, and one cannot be exactly captivating when one is doing that, Madame de Sablé might have said of her, 'elle s' écouta en pariant,' She was a good listener. It appears that when our author first became equainted with them he was told that she and Lewes had been married in Germany. Assuming this to have been the case, he asked them

to dipe with him, to meet Doon Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta. The Stanleys appreclated the dinners they did not think Mr. Lewes attractive, but they were interested to her. The Dean was considerably taken aback however, when he subsequently learned that Mrs. Lewes was in no way Mr. Lewes's wife. It is well known that George Eliot's more transcendental friends never forgave her for her second marriage. In a morally immoral manner they washed their virtuous hands of her Our author, for his part, thought it the most natural thing for the poor woman to do. She was a beavily ladened, but interesting derelict, drifting among the breakers, without oars o rudder, when, all at once, the brave Cross arrived, threw her a rope and galiantly towed her into harbor. Mr. Locker feels sure that "she was very sensitive, and must have had many a painful half hour as the nelpmeet of Mr. Lewes By accepting the position, she had placed herself in opposition to the moral instincts of most of those whom she held dear. Though intellectually self-contained, I believe she was singularly de pendent on the emotional side of her nature With her, as with nearly all women, something was needed to lean upon. Though her conduct was socially indefensible, it would have been cruel, it would be stupid to judge her exactly as one would judge an ordinary offender. What a genius she must have had to be able to draw so many high-minded people to her! I have an impression that she felt her position acutely, and was unbappy." Mr. Locker adds; "Thos who saw more of George Ellot than I did tell me that as Mrs. Cross she seemed a changed woman; she was more natural, more charging We cannot even guess what is meant by the following enigmatic sentence: "A

good deal is known of George Eliot's early life which, when revealed, will lack the zest of nov-As for George Henry Lewes, he is here de scribed as very clever, acute, and vivacious, with an essentially all-round intelligence, able to turn the talent that was in him to full and mmediate account. His hostile critics said that he was literary among men of science and scientific among literary men. Unquesthe ugliest men tionably he was one of in England. Nor was his ugliness of the grotesque, startling, haunting type exemplified in Victor Hugo's "L'Homme qui rit." His was simply a commonplace, uninteresting, repulsive plainness. We are told, nevertheless, that he is credited with having been a Lotharic, who could have boasted personne ne connaît la puissance de ma bel aidear," but when Mr. Locker knew him it wa said that George Eliot or time had tarned him He had long bair, and his dress was an unlovely compromise between morning and evening cos ume, combining the least pleasing points of both. The opinion is here expressed that Lewes was a good-tempered person, and it is averred that nothing could have exceeded his devotion

VIII.

shield her from worries and annoyance.

to George Ellot, for he was ever on the aiert to

Mr. Locker was not one of those who believe that already the reputation of Dickens is irremediably eclipsed. He does not deny that the eclipse may come, but he thinks that it is still far distant. "He will be read till the world, with its insatiable maw, shall have got from him all that it wants to get sil that he has to give. I think Charles Dickens will continue a remarkable name in English literature-who knows for how many generations? Perhaps just now [1883] Thackeray may be a little in the ascendant, especially with the rising generation; but the fashion of things passes away, the ebb and flow of opinion as regards literature is one of its laws. So Dickens will again have his turn, and enjoy that impalpable reward which s vouchsafed to the ghosts of genius." Locker testilies, and he was a judge, that Dickens's appearance was attractive: "He was not onventionally gentlemanlike looking I should have been disappointed if he had been so; he was something better. I shall not quickly forget him at Macaulay's funeral, as he walked among the subdued looking clericals and staid men of mark; there was a stride in his gait, and a roll; he had a scafaring com-plexion and air, and a huge white tie-Dickens was fond of dress; he owned that he had the primeval savage's love for bright, positive colors. I conseled him with the assurance that it was the poet's side of his nature that was so gratified." Mr. Locker adds that Dickens had a wonderfully animated countenance. "There was an eager look in his bright eyes, and his manners were as free from manasse honte as from unseasonable familiarity. He also "had much social tact; he was genial and manly; he had a strong personality; he could say 'No,' but I should think he had infinitely greater pleasure in saying 'Yes.' He was a jovial fellow, with a most elastic spirit, and apparently an exhaustiess vitality. I am told he was an adept at brewing stiff punch, but paring in his own libations. He favored convivial philanthropy; indeed, he was the first person to preach the deep spiritual significance of the Christmas goose. He boiled the hot water and potatoes at picnics, was adroit at conjuring, and otherwise amusing the young people. Indeed, Dickens entered heart and soul into everything he did; he was a keen man of business, active and practical. He told me that genuine appreciation of his works was as fresh and precious to him then [1869] as it had been

thirty years before; indeed, he was still so sen-

neighbor wers reading one of his novels, he did not dare to watch him, lest he should see the book thrown aside with indifference."

IX.

We have here culled but a few of the Innu-

merable reminiscences of interesting men and women which are collected in this volume,

Well worsh reading also are the author's obser-

vations and reflections upon London life, which

he knew thoroughly in many of its phases

We would not take leave of this book

without at least a glance at the comments

on aristocratic as compared with middle-

class society. It will be remembered that Matthew Arnold described English aristo-

crats as barbarians, but Mr. Locker submits

that there is a good deal that is exhibarating

in their society. His opinion, which is that of an expert, is expressed in a characteristic passage, not unsympathetic, yet discrimi-nating. About "barbarian society" he could, he says," be eloquent. The men are so manly, the women so womanly; and both are so good looking, so plucky, and so natural-they are nearly always that." They cultivate what Dryden called "the sweet civilities of life," which make life so smooth, and which, like grace and beauty, beget love at first sight. The author proceeds to note that "in their bearing there is a charming unceremoniousness, a polished offhandedness, and an easy unconcern that go straight to the point. These qualities, rare as they are, come to them insensibly in the air which they breathe, being not much else than the result of one, or, it may be, even two generations of an assured position." the author returns to this topic, testifying that "the more estimable of the people who compos smart society [what will it be called in the next generation ? are courteous, obliging, and hospitable. I admire their simple manners and good breeding, their frank self-reliance and tempered reserve, their graceful negligence sometimes a certain freemasonry of refined clownishness - a tone which cannot be acquired and which is the inheritance of a privileged class that, for many a long day, has not been disturbed by the feeling of social insecurity and has inhaled an atmosphere of more or less refinement." Nevertheless, Mr. Locker confesses that unadulterated barbarism has its drawbacks, and braces himself to hint that the sort of existence the attractive savages of the aristocracy make for themselves not altogether satisfying. "The truth is," he says, that "there is more than the probability of the barbarians missing nearly everything that is finest in literature and art, and possibly in life itseif. This is a discredit, seeing the they have abundance of canabilities and opnor tunities, and, if they would but comprehend it, a luxury of leisure. With tastes and instincts that are excellent, they do themselves scant tustice, for they give themselves no time for that which is the outcome of simple living, and of that only. Not that they are indolent; on the contrary, there is a self-rellance, an energy about them that is remarkable. They dres and dance and shoot and ride and please themselves; they are passionately fond of pleas sure; new frocks, love letters, and many other good things gush forth at their feet in increas ing streams. And no wonder they indulge They are often inconsequent and capricious, but not specially selfish or insincere; but in every-day life they are apt to be governed by the humor of the moment, and to be influenced by the chance symbathy of any one who attracts them, or whom they may desire to attract. In leed, their admirations often betray them int the very strangest company. Nor are they in capable of sacrifices. They are capable of much; for they would battle for a form of faith the spirit of which they do not understand and the precents of which they habitually disregard. Indeed, I believe, if the necessity arose they would part, heroically part, with their diamond shoe buckles, and take cheerfully to primitive shoe ties.

In that discreet language of which he was a master, Mr. Locker intimates that the English barbarians are passionately fond of materia enjoyments, and they pursue them without al ways overtaking them) with an ostentatious candor which, in people of less assured position would be thought almost shocking. Their little lives are rounded by the vision of eligible lovers becoming costumes, luxurious upholstery, and all the other exigencies of a frivolous exist ence; and from that, as time overtakes them. pass easily and by slow degrees to small scandals, conventional prayers, and a rene or acrimonious nothingness. tuese." he says, "they think that they dischare existing; that intellectual pursuits are no specia concern of theirs; that such properly belong to the working classes Darwin G Stephenson, C Dickens, Paraday, Wordsworth, Hallam, &c. for the working classes to cultivate and for them to enjoy. It is thus they spend their careless hours. Time files, my pretty one! These precious hours are very sweet to thee; make the most of them. Now, even now, as thou twinest that brown curi on thy finger see! it

M. W. H.

The Conflict Between Science and Theology The Mesers Appleton have published in two

volumes octave A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology to Christenian, by Ax-DREW DICKSON WHITE. The author tells us in an introduction that this book is the outcome of studies pursued for over a quarter of a century and that its nucleus was a lecture delivered in the Cooper Institute, New York, on "The Battlefields of Science." This lecture grew into a couple of magazine articles, and then into a little book called "The Warfare of Science," for which, when republished in England, Prof John Tyndall wrote a preface. From time to time, the author published new chapters in the "Warfare of Science" as magazine articles in the Popular Science Monthly. The present work represents an expansion and thorough revision of those preliminary essays. The point of view differs from that taken by Prof. John W. Draper, who regarded the struggle as on between science and religion, whereas what Dr. White portrays is a struggle between science and dogmatin theology; a conflict between two epochs in the evo lution of human thought, the theological and the scientific. The text of the book justifies the assertion made in the introduction, that the author is not animated by the slightest feeling of hostility toward the clergy. His bebut is that in the field left to them, their proper field, the clergy will more and more, as they cease to oppose scientific methods and conclusions, do work effective beyond anything they have beretofore accomplished. It is, other words, his conviction that science though it has conquered dogmatic theology, so far as this was based on litblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will, nevertheless, hereafter go hand and hand with religion, and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, religion, as evolved from Matthew Arnold's recognition of "a power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteous ness," and from the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in American institutions of learning, but in the world at large.

We cannot, of course, undertake to follow Dr. White through the two volumes, each containing some four hundred pages, in which is recounted the age-long conflict between science and theology. In successive chapters are set forth the triumph of scientific cosmogony over the theory of the creation of the earth and of its place in the cosmos, propounded in tienesis; the triumph of modern astronomy over the old hypothesis; the transition from "signs and wonders," to the conception of law in the heavens; the evolution of geology and the establishment of the antiquity of man; the annihilation of the old doctrine of the "Fall of Man" by anthropology, ethnology, and history. Then are traced the development of chemistry and physics and the resultant disappearance of the old ideas of magic; the transition from miracles to medicine; from fetich to hygiene: from "demoniacal possession" to insanity; from diabolism to hysteria; from the legend of Babel to comparative philology; from the Dead Sea traditions to comparative mythology; from Leviticus to political econsitive that in a railway carriage, if his opposite omy; and from the conception of

Scriptures as divine oracles to the higher Biblical criticism. We must here confine our-selves to a very brief indication of the author's conclusions, as these are summed up in a final chapter. Dr. White here shows that, for the dissolution of traditional opision regarding our sacred literature, there has been a cause far more general and powerful than any of the particular causes which have been minutely examined in these volumes, for it is a cause surrounding and permeating them all. This comprehensive and decisive cause is the atmosphere of thought engendered by the development of the whole circle of sciences during the last three centuries. The author goes on to explain that vast masses of myths, legend, marvel, and dogmatic assertion coming into this atmosphere have been dissolved, and are now dissolved ing quietly away, like icebergs drifting into the Gulf Stream. In earlier days, for instance, when some critic, in advance of his time, insisted that Moses could not have described the circumstances of his own death, it was held sufficient to answer that Moses was : prophet; if, again, attention was called to the fact that the great early prophets, by all which they did and did not do, made it clear that there could not have existed in their time any "Levitical code," a sufficient reply was "mystery; and, if the discrepancy was noted between the two accounts of creation in Genesia, or between the genealogies, or the dates of the Cruck fixion in the Gospel, the cogent response was 'infidelity." By the general development of a scientific atmosphere, the thinking world has, at last, been borne beyond the capability of ac-

cepting that kind of refutation. II. Continuing to epitomize the results of his in quiries, Dr. White points out that if, in the at-mosphere generated by the earlier developed sciences, the older growths of biblical interpre tation have drooped and withered, and are evidently perishing, new and better growths have arisen with roots running down into the newer sciences. Among these new growths are specified, first, comparative anthropology, which shows that various primitive stages of belief and observance, once supposed to be derived by a direct revelation from Heaven to the Hebrews, are still found as arrested developments among various savage and barbarous tribes; sec endly, comparative mythology and folklore which demonstrate that ideas and beliefs regarding the supreme power in the universe are progressive, and not less in Judea than in other parts of the world; and, thirdly, comparative religion and literature that search out and place side by side those main facts in the upward struggle of humanity which show that the Israelites, like other gifted peoples, rose gradually through ghost worship, fetichism, and polytheism to higher theological levels; and that, as they thus rose, their conceptions and statements regarding the God they worshipped became nobler and better. All these sciences are giving new solutions to those problems which dogmatic theology had so long labored in vain to solve. At the same time, these sciences, far from being destructive of religion, as dissociated from theology, have begun to impress upon the intellect and conscience of the thinking world the fact that the religious and moral truths thus disengaged from the old masses of myth and legend are all the more venerable and authoritative, and that all individual or national life, if it is to be of any value, must be vitalized by them. This, then, is Dr. White's conclusion, that, if modern science in general has acted powerfully to liquify and evaporate the theories and dogmas of the older theological interpretation, if has also been active in a reconstruction and recrystallization of truth. The author regards as particularly powerful in this reconstruction the evolution doctrines which have grown out of the thought and work of mer like Darwin and Spencer.

III.

In the light obtained from all the modern sciences, and from the atmosphere evolved by them collectively, the sacred text has been transformed. Out of the old welter of hopesaly conflicting statements in religion and morals has come, in obedience to the new conception of development, the idea of a sacred literature which mirrors, the most striking evoution of morals and religion in the history of man. Of all the sacred writings of the world, it hows the Christian Scriptures to be the mos beautiful and most precious; exhibiting, as they do, the most complete religious development which mankind has attained, and holding before us the loftiest ideals which our race has conceived. Thus it has come to pass that, with the keys furnished by modern Biblical scholars, the way has been opened to treasures of thought which had been inaccessible to theologians for 2,000 years. For example, as to the divine power in the universe, these interpreters have explained how, beginning with the tribal field of the Hebrows, one among many jealous, fitful, unseen local sovereigns of Asia Minor, the higher races have been borne on to the idea of the just ruler of the whole earth as he was revealed by the later and greater prophets of Israel, and finally to the belief in the universal Father, as best revealed in the New Testament. Then, again, as to man: from men after Jehovah's own heart, men cruel. reacherous, revengeful, we are borne on to an ideal of men who do right for right's sake who search and speak the truth for truth's take; who love others as themselves. Finally, as to the world at large: the races dominant in religion and morals have been lifted from the idea of a "chosen people," stimulated and abetted by their tribal God in every sort of cruelty and

Injustice, to the conception of a vast community, in which the fatherhood of God overarches al. and the brotherhood of man permeates all. Dr. White's closing word is this: Thus, at last, out of the old conception of our Pible as a collection of oracles, a mass of entangling utterances, fruitful in wrangling interpretations, which have cost the world long and weary age of hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; of fetichism, subtlety, and pomp; of tyranny, bloodshed, and solemnly constituted impostures; of everything which Jesus most abborred; has been gradually developed through the centuries by the labors, sacrifices, and even martyrdom of a long succession of men of God, the conception of the Bible as a sacred literature; a growth only possible under the light which the various orbs of science have done so much to bring into the mind, heart, and soul of man; revelation, not of the fall of man, but of the ascent of man; an exposition, not of temporary dogmas and observances, but of the eternal law of righteousness, the one upward path for individuals and for nations. No longer an oracle, good for the "lower orders" to accept, but to be quietly sneered at by the "enlightened;" no longer a fetich whose defenders must become persecutors, or reconcilers, or "apologists," but a most fruitful fact which religion and science may accept as a source of strength to both.

## SUNBEAMS.

-The aged citizen taking his first ride on the steam cars turns up every now and then, but Rock-land, Me., has a resident, 61 years old, who has been driving a cart with lime rock to the railway station for twenty-six years and yet never has ridden on the cars. He also has the distinction of never having been under a doctor's care.

-What is said to be the largest how ever raised Delaware was killed a few days ago at Felton. It was of the Black Berkshire breed and was about three years old. It weighed 1,100 pounds, was seven feet four inches in length, six feet two taches around the body, four feet eight inches ar the neck, and three feet four inches high at the

-The Mayor of Flint, Mich., performs the duties

of his office without compensation other than the satisfying sense of having done his duty. But the Mayor who retired last week had directed the affairs of the town so well during ats year of office that the Common Council unanimously voted to make an appropriation for him, as an especial mark of satisfaction. The sum was one dollar. -A supply of Columbia River salmon stawn is soon to be sent to Japan, the Government of that country being anxious to ascertain if the salmon can be propagated in Japanese waters. There are some sulmon in Japanese rivers, but the supply is far short of the demand. The Fish Commissioners have agreed to furnish the eggs, which will be taken to Japan in a few days and placed in an artiFOREIGN NOTES OF REAL INTEREST. Frau Clara Schumann, the plantste, Robert Schu-

Frankfort. She is 78 years of age.

Dr. Jameson's goods have been sold at auction at Johannesburg, very high prices being paid by the

Boer farmers for the horses and mules, Durham University has granted the honorary de gree of Doctor of Divinity to the Rev. Baronian, Archartest of the Armenians in England. Manchester is about to make itself ridiculous by cting an equestrian statue to Sir Charles Halle,

the musical conductor, who never mounted a horse In his tire Amster lam has now municipalised the water and telephone service of the city. Next year it will take passession of the gas works and, as soon as possible, of the street car service.

Young King Alexander of Servia has got the mitto marry, having become engaged to Grand Duke George Michaelovitch of Russia.

Tivell's famous waterfalls are now utilized to provide electric power for lighting Rome. The power is conveyed eighteen miles over the wires, and in the daytime is used to drive the street care. England's new battle ship Renown made an average of 1854 knots at her appeal trials, the fastess hour's run being "914 knots. This has only bee beaten in her class by the Italian Sardegna's 19.6 knots.

Queen Rainovalona of Madagascar\_signed the treaty conveying the Island to France with a steel pen made in Birmingham, Gen. Duchesne, who commanded the French expedition, now has the pen and holder. Ten thousand people visited the South Kensington

and Bethnai Green Museums in London on the first Sunday on which they were thrown open. Only ten attendants and thirty-four policemen had to work A queer pig story is told by the London Tele-

graph. A sow that had lost her tall by an accident had a litter of ten little pigs, but seeing that they all had tails, placed them in a row and bit off the tails one by one.

More than 60,000 persons paid a shilling apleoe

at Glasgow lately to see Scotland best England for the football championship. This is a record for abtendance, the previous record being 45,000 at the same grounds two years ago.

An Improved snake story comes from Calcutta. Two tame pythons were kept together, when one

swallowed the other. The inside snake, feeling uncomfortable in the other's midst, proceeded to eat its way out at the other end. Lieut,-Gen. George Digby Barker, the new Gov. arnor of the Bermudas, is 64 years of age, He served in the Persian campaign of 1857, was at the relief of Lucknow during the Indian mutiny, and has commanded the British troops in China

Canadians having requested that the name of the Royal Leinster Regiment in the British regular army be changed to Royal Canadian, it is suggested in England that a regiment be recruited in every clony and made a part of the regular army. Herr Schönlank's collection of paintings, which includes Van Dyck's Charles I. from the Hamilton ollection, Rembrandt's large landscape with Julah

and Tamar, Paul Veronese's Catterina Cornaro, and enuine Titians and Lucas Cranachs will soon be old at Cologae. Dominican nuns at King William's Town in Cape Colony, where they have a farm, do their own outdoor work. They plough and hoe, have built

their own buildings, do the carpentry and all the blacksmith work, besides teaching the boys and girls in their school. Julius von Payer, the Acrtic explorer, has pains ed four large pictures of the Franklin expedition. which are about to be enxibited in London. They

"The Abandoning of the Ship," "Divine Service," and "Starvation Cove." Burmese humanity to animals goes so far as to provide buffaloes kept in stables with mosquite netting. The meaquitees are as annoying to callle as to human beings, but when left out of doors the

buffalo can protect himself by rolling in the mud and letting it cake upon him. English blevele thieves are ingentous, A lady as riding near Sarbiton when a gentlemanly looking person valled out to her that her tire was out of

order and offered to inflate it for her. She accept-ed his offer, and after remedying the fault he got on the wheel to show her that it was all right, and E. D. Garnier, who won the hurdle race for Onford at the recent games with Cambridge, is the son of the Rev. E. S. Garnier, who won the hur-

dles in 1871 and 1872. His uncle was on the Oxford cricket cleven, and his grandfather, who died as Dean of Winehester at the age of 97, rowed No. 6 for Oxfor 1 in the first boat race in 1829. Minas Geram, in Brazil, baving come to the con dusion that the town of Ouro Preto, its capital, can never be put into proper sanitary condition, has given orders for a new capital to be built in a suit-

able spot in the centre of the State. It will be called linas, will be arranged on the American checke board system, and must be ready for occupation in villers, in the Vosges Mountains, have just received the cross of the Legion of Honor, which will be emblazoned on the town arias, in honor of the

callant resistance they made to the Germans two ty-five years ago. Altogether time towns in Franco now have the cross of the Legion of Honor on their Marienworder, in Prassia, has dealt severely with its Tamsen. The Warden of the prison celebrated prisoner's birthday by throwing open the cells

and treating the prisoners to beer and tobacco. At the trial the prisoners were acquitted, as they had only obeyed the Warden's orders, but the Warden was sentenced to two years and a half in jail for relaxing discipline.
Observations made on the pendulum of the Paris Observatory, which is kept albert feet under ground, with a temperature that varies one-hou-dredth part of a degree at most during the year.

show that it is not quite proof to the variations of atmospheric pressure. It makes an error of one third of an oscillation in twelve million, and it is proposed to remedy this error. A secret High Church society called "The Compantons of St. John" is causing trouble at Cambridge University. It was started by a college tutor, has a rather ridiculous initiation ceremony, and is ob-jected to for indiscreet prosetytizing. It has a badge with the letters L and D, for love and duty,

which was at first worn openly, but is now worn under the clothing, so that the society has been nicknamed. "The Bellylanders." On Good Friday twenty one poor widows were admitted into the churchyard of St. Bartholonew the Great, in Smithfield, and directed to a particu

lar flat tombstone, from which each one picked up a sixpence. On leaving they were presented with bun and two shillings apie.e. No one seems to know the origin of the custom; but a few years ago a parishioner left money enough to the church t make sure that it should be kept up. A belated romance has just come to an end in

Paris. A girl of seventeen wrote a love letter di-rected to whoever should find it, put it in a blue satin bag, and shut it in the secret drawer of s writing desk. The writing desk was bought at an auction by a Colonel on the retired list, who found the letter and spent some time in hunting up the writer. He found at last that she was a Grey sis-ter and was now over seventy years of age, but induced her to leave the order and marry him.

A well-acted performance of Hamlet in the Marathi tongue, was recently given at Nagpur, lasting from 10 till 2:15 in the morning. The text was a very close translation, but adapted to native cus-toms, and the dresses were Indian. The King was a Rajah, the Queen a Ranee, Polonius an old pundit, Resenceants and Guildenstern native courtiers, and the players a strolling company with native musical instruments, such as is frequently seen. Hamles was the young prince Chaudrasens. The Ghost was not surprising to Hindoos. The prayer scene was arranged without the usual oratory, the prayer being directed to a vague deity. The one serious atteration was that Ophelia was burned instead of being burled, which made it necessary to modify the grave-digging scene. There was little that was funny in the performance except that when Ham-let said "Look here, upon this picture and on this." he drew a photograph out of his pocket.

Krupp of Essen is the richest subject in Prussia, Krupp of Rasen is the richest subject in Prussia, having been taxed, on an income of 7.140,000 marks (\$1,785,000), for the current year, his tax beins \$71,850. A Rothschild comes next with 6.115,000 marks (\$1,528,750). The third richest man is Count Hutten Capaki in the Cassel district. who is a Captain in the Fourteenth Russars, with 1,085,000 marks a year. The richest B comes fourth with 2,995,000 marks. sixth, and seventh places are taken by three rich men of the Oppelu district, with \$,680,000 marks, men of the Oppen district, 1000 marks, respec-g.675,000 marks, and 2,170,000 marks, respectively. Two country gentlemen, one in the Bres-lau district, with 2,080,000 marks, the other in the Trier district with 2,065,000 marks complete the list of men with over 2,000,000 marks (\$40 a year. There are thirteen with between one and two million marks: 1,501 taxpayers have an income of over 100,000 marks. The tax is paid by persons making more than 900 marks (\$225) a year, and \$ ficial take near Yokohama. paid by 8,968,033 out of 81,000,000 tahah